

FLIGHT RISK



“THE BEST KIND OF TEMPTATION COMES
WITH A LITTLE RISK.”

Flight Risk

I always preferred flying.

Less time to think.

My life fits into two suitcases now—one stuffed with scrubs, compression socks, and enough pens to survive a dozen shifts, the other packed with everything that made a furnished apartment feel a little less temporary.

Sounded perfect.

Another airport.

Another city.

Another hospital where I'd spend three months saving lives before quietly disappearing again.

That was the deal I'd made with myself years ago.

Keep moving.

Never stay long enough to belong.

Dallas was just another assignment.

At least, that's what I believed.

I had no idea I was flying straight toward the worst—and last—mistake of my life.

Tiffany

I am a fairly successful travel nurse. Not because of the regular pay of course.

I am famous. For all of the wrong reasons.

My specialty, everything.

Everywhere I have traveled to, a special case was created. From getting a persons penis out of someones mouth that had swollen glands to getting a living gerbal out of a mans..I let you guess where.

The reason I am famous is because a lot of these incidents somehow come close to one thing.

Sex. And I hate it.

I haven't had sex in years yet I am approached like I am an expert. Yes, I have had to do some research to help on occasions but I solely paid attention to the medical aspect. Not on the actual subject of sex. I have been on podcasts of all sorts, telling tips and tricks on how not to end up in front of me after a night of unrestrained passion. I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy the attention.

Today I am on my way to Dallas, Texas for work and a podcast opportunity.

The contract had come through three days ago. Three months at one of the city's busiest hospitals. Better pay than my last assignment and housing close enough that I wouldn't have to fight traffic after a twelve-hour shift.

Ding Dong Ding Dong.

My uber ride had finally made it. I hurriedly packed my remaining clothes along with a new smut book that I am supposed to be getting a sponsorship for. As I zip up the last bag I could hear him starting to walk back to the car.

“Shit.” I yelled as I ran towards the door.

“Wait! I’m coming!” I yelled as I tried to unlock the million locks on my door. As the door swung open, a brown skinned man with a scruffy black beard turned back around. He was at least 6’ 6” with a decently built body.

“Sara?” He said a deep voice that made my eyebrows arch.

“Yes that’s me!” I yelled while going back for my bags.

“I am terribly sorry for being late ma’am.” He said with a bit of remorse. “Traffic.”

At this point I didn’t care what he said. We only have 45 minutes to drive 20 min, drop my bags off, get through security, and get to my gate.

“Lets go!” I yelled as he scurried to get my bags.

We sat in the car in silence as the engine revved up as hard as it could. It’s a Honda Civic so it couldn’t do much. I decided to pull out the smut book I placed in my bag before I left. I somehow found it in the middle of my unfolded clothes. I looked at the cover with a plane painted on the front.

The Mile High.

Fitting right.

The back cover immediately got me excited. It showed a stewardist being wrapped in the hands of a customer that so happened to be a burly man with a lot of chest hair. Every woman’s dream.

As I dived into the book, I could feel the uber driver’s eyes piercing through my forehead.

“Umm is it something on my face.” I asked nervously.

“No ma’am. You just looked familiar.” Great another fan.

“It must be your imagination.” I said annoyingly.

“Hmm I guess so.” He replied while looking back at the street. “Oh, look we are here.”

Thank God.

I raced to the back of the car as he very slowly got out the front seat. 3 Stars is the most I am giving this guy. His situational awareness of down in the dumpster.

“Have a good flight.” He said ominously with a slight wave. I gave him a head nod and dragged my suitcases inside. He is lucky I didn’t give him the middle finger.

Tiffany

As I made my way to the airline counter, I felt like my arm was too light for two suitcases. I looked behind me and noticed one of my luggage missing. No way I lose a suitcase before the plane even takes off, right? I turned around to trace my steps.

Nothing.

Screw it, I can't look for it any longer or I will miss my plane. I continue my walk to the airline counter to see an older black lady behind the counter.

"I.D. and Boarding pass please." She says annoyingly. I take out my I.D. that I had ready and my boarding pass that was crumpled up in my pocket.

"I think I lost my bag. Is it a way for you to contact me if you find it?" I asked desperately. She looked up at me with a face that told me it was lost forever.

"Sure, just fill this out and describe what it looks like." I began to write down what seemed like my suitcase's obituary.

"Excuse me ma'am." I turn around to see a light brown skinned man that's at least 6 feet tall with a trimmed beard. His smile made me get a warm feeling inside.

"Ye-yes" I responded dumbfoundedly. Great, now he has me stuttering.

"I think this may belong to you." He pulled my luggage in front of him and a wave of relief came over me.

"Oh My God, Thank you so much! I don't know how to repay you."

"Don't worry about it." He replied in a cool mannered tone.

“Yall know your flights leave in 10 min.” The lady interrupted. We both looked at the time and turned into full panic mode.

We race to the precheck line which we thankfully had access to. Of course I was chosen for a random screening but they let me go through after they saw the time of our flight. We raced to the gate which was pretty fun after we saw that they were still letting people in. Not so much before we got there.

As we made our way through the plane the beautiful man seemed a little off but who wouldn't be. We barely made it onboard. At least that is what said to try and convince myself that it wasn't suspicious.

After scooting through the narrow plane isle, I noticed two seats next to each other open in the back of the plane. This was weird since we were the last ones on. We looked at each other and looked at our tickets. We were actually seated next to each other.

YESS! My mind screamed.

My deep fantasy was slowly starting to materialize. My seat was the edge seat while he was the middle. Luckily the person at the window seat was a college student who had sleep blindfolds on along with gigantic earphones. We sat in silence as the plane prepared to depart. The smell of his cologne made my body start to melt from the shallow sweet accent with a strong smell of musk. I slowly looked up at his face. His cheek bones chiseled like he was a statue from the Roman empire. He had a 5 o'clock shadow that somehow looked like it had been trimmed. He seemed rough but luxurious. I looked at his pointy nose and wondered how it would feel if his nose would hit my clit while he eats and drinks everything my pussy could give him.

Whoa!

Where did that come from? I seriously need to get laid. An announcement suddenly rang through my ears to snap me out of my dirty hallucinations.

“Everyone sorry for the inconvenience but we will be having a brief search. Please be patient with us.”

That’s weird. I have been on hundreds of flights before and this has never happened. Not actually on the plane. I looked around to see other people squirming in their seat. I turned to see him staring at the Marshall that was slowly making his way to the back of the plane. Any minute he seemed like he would enter a stage of shock. I grabbed his hand.

“It will be over soon. Don’t be scared.” I said in the most soothing voice I could muster.

I assumed this was his first time flying. I am sure a random search made his already rattled nerves explode. He turned to me slowly and gave me a nervous smile. I scooted closer in an effort to comfort him.

God, he smells so good. Tiffany focus.

I looked up at his face again to see if he approved of my invasion of space. His gaze never left the Marshal. At this point it seems a little weird but everyone reacts differently to flights. At that very moment, the Marshall was right next to us.

“Ma’am, please let me see your purse. And sir let me see that backpack.” The marshal said with a deep and demanding voice. I must be ovulating because his voice did something to make my eggs jump. Plus, the thought of being strip searched by the marshal in the cockpit wasn’t a bad way start my flight.

Stop Tiff, remember to focus.

“Here you are.” I said happily as I handed over my bag without a care in the world. He went through my bag thoroughly as if he knew exactly what he was looking for. He then gave me my bag back with everything out of place. I let out an annoying sigh that the Marshall seemed to have noticed.

“Sorry ma’am. I am kind of in a rush.” He said with a nervous laugh. The Marshall then turns to my beautiful neighbor.

“Bag Sir.” He said in a professionally demanding tone.

I turned to my neighbor and he was still frozen in his seat. I had to help him out. I grabbed his arm.

“Babe, give him your backpack so we can go to sleep.” I said in a dramatically sweet voice. He looked at me in confusion. Rightfully so.

“Yall are together?” The marshal asked in disbelief.

“Yes, why do you say it like that?” I replied in a slight rage.

“You know what... nevermind. Yall have a nice day.” The marshal said while walking away.

“What a dick.” I said under my breath while still angry.

“See everything is fine like I told you.” My neighbor looked at me in relief and held out his free hand.

“Tristian” He said with a beautiful smile.

“Right, we didn’t exchange names. I am Tiff.” I said with a shakey voice.

“Thank you Tiff. I was frozen stiff. That was a first for me.” He said whole heartedly.

Suddenly the lights turned off and the plane began to move.

“No problem, lets enjoy the flight.” I said while trying to look out of the window.

He smiled and closed his eyes. I did the same.

Tristian

“There she is.” I say to myself for the hundredth time this week.

Her name is Tiffany. She is my target. I have been stalking her for weeks.

Not for pleasure...at least in the beginning.

My primary objective is to observe her every move, gather intel, and execute. What am I executing exactly?

A terrorist attack. I know I am a douchebag. Probably even lower.

Hear me out.

My family has been captured by the same terrorist organization that I am working for. They scouted me because of my dual citizenship and my skills in technology a.k.a hacking. I can hack a phone just by placing my phone in a 5 foot radius of the intended target. Why not get my family out myself then, you ask? They have them on 24-hour lockdown and a bullet is allot faster than my hacking skills. At least without preparation time.

My original plan was to follow their orders to the tee until I had a good enough plan to get my family out myself. Yet, it was something about this girl that made me keep going. From her lips that glistened like sugar glazed candy that I wanted to rub my finger over and kiss until her knees become weak. Or her wide hips that I wanted to grab as I enter her as deep as I could, breaking her into submission. To her caramel thighs that I want to bite on like a delicious turkey leg from the neighborhood fair.

I take note of her every move. Every habit. Every hairstyle. Every breath that she takes. Every expression she tends to make. All burned into my memory both for work....and for pleasure.

Sometimes I would help her without her knowing. I would send her slight easter eggs that gradually turned into luxury prizes. A free cup of coffee. Random flowers from her “patients” saying how good of a job she was doing. Sometimes I would hack into the hospital system to ward off the weirdos that she would get assigned to for care.

Yes, I am one of those weirdos but at least it is for a good cause. Or at least that’s what I tell myself as I stare at her through my 60-inch television while I sit on the couch forcing myself not to cum from unconsciously rubbing my cock inside of my shorts. I must be going insane. This was not in my calculations. How could I want someone I am supposed to use and kill?

I tried to move up my plot for escape to prevent me from having to use her but they moved up my deadline. I did not want her to die for a stupid cause that had nothing to do with her. However, their message was clear.

No witnesses.

A perfect scenario finally arrived a day after the organization moved up the deadline. Word came in that her assignment will soon be over and she will have to take a trip to Dallas. for her next job. I saw it in her emails. My chance has finally come. They chose her as the target for me specifically because they knew about her traveling from work and that she basically had no family.

How you ask? Social media of course.

Poor lady didn’t even know her increase in followers were a bunch of money hungry, radical idealist, murdering machines that only followed her to find a way to put place bombs in her suitcase.

They tried to not use me one time because I was procrastinating. I found out and killed the poor bastard that they tried replacing me with. I even killed him with his own drone that he was using as

surveillance. He didn't see it coming. All he heard was his drone hovering over him at night. I saw the moment he woke up through the drone's lenses. His face was painted in terror. It brought an unknown feeling of ecstasy to me as I pressed the button for the drone to self-destruct. I knew he was the same as me but I was better. Much Better. And they knew it. That was the scary part.

As I watched his family get hacked into pieces in the form of a threat to me and my family I began to wonder if they were more scared of me than I was of them. The sight of my mom with a manette to her neck brought me back to reality. It did matter who was scared of who. They had the upper hand. And I had to deliver.

Tristian

The day of the flight was finally here. I planned everything out. I would place all of my tools for the plane takeover in her bag after getting it from the uber driver I swapped out for her and give her the bag that she thought she lost. Swap it back as we sat next to each other. Take over the plane. Fly towards the White House. Negotiate. Dive out the plane. Mission accomplished.

Now, I know there is allot that could go wrong. And I mean allot. Yet, it didn't faze me. The only thing I could think of was meeting her and freeing my family. Afterall, the organization wanted me to crash into the White House not negotiate. However, I knew the moment I died my family would be dead too. I'm not an idiot like the rest of those poor souls that they use. Yet, I had to get them something. I figured some money would do. Or even just the publicity. Terrorist love that stuff.

Everything so far is going smoothly...Until it didn't. My heart could not stop racing the moment I met her. My knees kept giving out with every word she spoke to me. All of my training went out the window. I assume that's why the Marshall decided to search the plan. I must of messed up somewhere. But where?! How?! Did the organization betray me? Was this just to get rid of me? The closer he got the more I began to panic. I had already completed the bag swap, so if he decides to check my bag I will be screwed.

"Babe, give him your backpack so we can go to sleep." Came from those beautifully glossed lips of hers. Yet, I just wished she would shut the fuck up.

"Yall are together?" The marshal asked

"Yes, why do you say it like that?" She replied stupidly.

“You know what... never mind. Yall have a nice day.” I looked at the Marshal in disbelief as he walked away.

“What a dick.” She said in triumph.

“See everything is fine like I told you.” And just like that my angel saved me while at the same time making a horrible mistake for herself. All I could do was smile and give her my name.

“Tristian”

“Right, we didn’t exchange names. I am Tiff.”

I know.

“Thank you Tiff. I was frozen stiff. That was a first for me.”

“No problem, lets enjoy the flight.”

I am sorry but you will not enjoy this flight.

I smiled and closed my eyes. The plan was still in play and I had time to rest before the checkpoint. Not to mention. I had to calm myself down. Every fiber in my body wanted to grab her, throw her into the bathroom, and stick my tongue down her throat as I release everything I had inside of her. Making her feel every last drop of love that I had been holding in while looking at her every breath for the past few months. That’s when I decided. She needed to know that she was mine.

Tiffany

In my light sleep I could feel Tristian fidgeting next to me. I opened my eyes to see him even more nervous than when the Marshall was searching the plane. I noticed he kept looking at his watch while grabbing his bag.

“Are you okay?” I asked softly. He turned to me quickly like he didn’t know I was there.

“Oh, I am good. Just got a little scared from the turbulence.” He replied shakily.

He was lying.

Turbulence has always been something I struggled with. I would wake up from the deepest of sleep with just a small nudge of turbulence.

“I have to use the bathroom.” He said as he got up from his seat and rushed to the bathroom. I looked down to see his bag still there but opened.

Allot of thoughts ran through my head. Why would he lie? Is he sick? As these thoughts ran through my head I began to realize that he has been in the bathroom for a long time. I look over to see that the light indicating that the door was unlocked was on. Curiosity got the best of me.

I go to the bathroom and slowly open the door. My body freezed at the sight. Fear engulfed my eveythought as I see Tristian wrapping a bomb around his torso. I also noticed a makshift gun in his hand. I snap out of it and realize I have to warn the rest of the plane. I try to open the door but he suddenly grabs my arm.

“Let go of me!” I yelled trying to pry my arm free.

“Tiffany calm down!” He yells back in desperation. I knew better than to believe him at this point.

“Tiffany calm down before I have to hurt you!” He yelled in a deeper tone.

I do not know why but my body started to react on its own. I slowly turned towards him and stopped trying to get loose. Suddenly, he pulls me towards him with a strength I never felt before. One arm wrapped around my torso and the other grabbing my jaw.

“What do you want?” I said through my teeth as he squeezed my jaw shut. He hovered his face in front of mine.

“I never wanted to hurt you.” He said while lowering his hand slowly from my jaw but still had his hand on my neck. “I promise I would never hurt you.” Oddly enough, his words felt genuine. And...I kinda believed him. Despite the bomb strapped to him and his hand around my neck. I look into his eyes to find a hint of any flinching.

Nothing.

“How do you expect me to believe that with a bomb around your stomach?” I asked. He looked down and looked back into my eyes. Despite the situation, I still wanted to jump his beautiful bones. Which made me want to believe him.

“Just trust me.” He replied in sorrow.

“No.”

“Why?”

“I don’t think I am the one that needs to do the explaining.”

“I will tell you when it is all over.”

“You mean when we are all dead. No thank you.” I try to turn around and open the bathroom door once more. He grabs me and turns me around like a silly ragdoll. My face directly in front of his. His lips inches away from mine.

“You don’t want to do that.” He says in a seductive tone. I try to pull away. He pulled me closer.

“I’m sorry.” He whispers in a tone that sent shivers down my spine. He then moved closer and kissed me on the lips. My mind went blank. What just happened? Why did he just kiss me? Why does this feel so good? What are his lips made of?

He moves me out of the way and exits the bathroom, grabbing my arm along the way. I yank my arm out of his hand as he storms out. He turns around quickly with a mean glance as he brandished another gun under his shirt. I looked at him to see if he would seriously shoot me. Only one conclusion came to mind.

He definitely would.

I slowly moved out the door, careful to not scare him in any way. We sat back down in our chairs with the gun still pointed at my torso. He looked down to notice my book sticking out of my bag. He gives me a look and grabs it.

What an odd time to want to start reading.

His gaze is now solely on the book. I even thought about grabbing the gun from him but a quick glance thwarted the thought. As he continued to read the book, you could tell his mind began to turn. Either for better or for the worse.

Tristian

It's almost time. Calm down Tristian. We have to do it now that we are here. No wait, didn't I have another plan. I can't even think straight. She is here next to me in the most vulnerable position I have ever seen her.

What time is it? Shit! It's almost time.

I turned to look at Tiffany one last time before I go over the deep end. At least I got to see her up close. I reached in my bag to grab the two guns and the stomach bomb. I looked to see if the bathroom was open.

Great, its open.

I got up and went into the bathroom in the most awkward way possible. Surely someone saw me. Or maybe I just hoped someone did. I began to strap on the stomach bomb. My hands shook violently with every slight movement I made. One mistake and this would be my last moment alive. At least I should complete the mission.

Wait.

What was the mission?

As my head began to spin, someone blasted through the door like a small toy soldier. I can't believe it. It was Tiffany. Her shocked look immediately brought me back to reality. I quickly grabbed her before she could run back out.

What now?

What do I do with her?

Tie her up? Wait, I don't have any rope.

Kill her? I could never. At least not with my own two hands.

She began to yell. I was so out of it I don't remember anything I said to her. I just knew that I didn't want to hurt her. And for some odd reason her scared expression made my pants stand on its own. I can't let her see that I have a hard on. What kind of sicko would she think I am? She started to try and escape again so I pulled her closer.

Oh no, my dick is sitting right against her luscious thighs. She was going to know. She had to already know. She started to talk but I already know the insults she would throw at me for rubbing my unethical hard-on on her beautifully toned thigh. I had to do something. So...I kissed her.

Did I really just do that? I just kissed her with a bomb strapped to me in the bathroom of an airplane. The silence felt like it lasted an eternity. I made my way to the door to escape. Then I remembered she would tell if I let her be. So, I grabbed her arm. She yanked it away. I don't have time for this back and forth. I pulled my other gun out. She froze and then began to follow me. I sat down with my gun still pointed at her torso. A book caught the corner of my eye. It was the one she was looking at on the way to the airport. I looked at my watch and saw that I had a couple of minutes before we were in the designated area. Lets see what she cherishes so deeply that she would spend days reading in her closed bedroom. I flipped open the book careful not to damage the cover.

Really?! This is the stuff she likes.

I looked at her as she gave me a terrified yet interesting look. Could she actually be turned on by this?

No way.

"You don't have to do this." She began. "We can figure everything out later. Just stop while you can."

What the hell is she even talking about. I look down to see the gun in my hand still pointed at her.

Oh right.

I am in the middle of doing a terrorist attack. And I have the woman I love held secretly hostage.

You heard me. I love her.

I came to this realization a long time ago. Arranging someone to get jumped for bumping into her was the nail in the coffin that told the tale.

“You like stuff like this?” I asked impulsively. She seemed taken back from my question. Rightfully so.

“Uhm yes I do.”

“Do you find me attractive?” What am I even saying. At this point, I am not responsible for whatever comes out of this pie hole. However, she hesitates to answer. Something inside of me boiled with anger. I took my makeshift knife out of my pants leg and put it to her neck.

“Answer me.” I said in a quiet yet deadly manner.

“Ye-Yes.” She said in fear. A part inside of me was elated while the other part believed she only said that because she had a knife to her throat. I had to confirm it.

I grabbed her head and went in to kiss her. She didn’t resist. Again, could be the knife.

Her lips were so soft. Her tongue tasted like lemonade mixed with a bit of cinnamon from her gum. I stuck my tongue as far down her throat as I could. I wanted to taste everything. She pushed me back.

“Do you not enjoy it?” I asked stupidly. She looks at me for a second. And then shyly nodded yes.

“It was just a little to much at once.” She replied in the cutest way possible. I have to have her.
Now.

I grabbed the back of her head and stuck my tongue down her throat and twirled her tongue around mine like a ballerina. She began to moan as she came up for air. She is now in my danger zone. I can no longer control myself.

I began to rub the knife on her leg. Her body begins to tense up but she didn't stop dancing with my tongue. I take it a step further. I started to create small cuts on her leg. Her body began to shake and respond in a way that I could never imagine. It was ecstasy for her. Now I know, I have her exactly where I want her.

Tiffany

What in the entire fuck?!

Why is he kissing me?!

Damn this book. How could it make him turn into this horny maniac? And why did I like it so much!

I couldn't help but wrap his tongue with mine. I even started imagining that his tongue was something else I wanted in my mouth.

His kisses were aggressive, wild, and scary. I felt helpless as he grabbed my head without an inch of give. Suddenly I felt something cold on my leg. It was his knife. The coldness made me jump and tense up. He seemed to notice and unconsciously kissed me softer. Something about that gave me comfort. I know... fucked up right. I felt a prick on my leg. I looked down and saw him slightly cutting my skin.

What is he doing?!

My mind began to race. At least it tried to. Every time I tried to look down, he tightened his grip on my head and got more aggressive with his tongue. I could feel blood trickling down my leg. Yet, that wasn't the only thing that was wet. I could feel my panties soak from how turned on I was. Every flick of his tongue unlocked a compartment of liquid that soaked my panties. How is he doing this to me? Did one small glance through my fantasies unlock a secret of pleasing me? Couldn't have. Otherwise, I would still be with my ex.

Oh no.

I felt a hand on my thigh instead of a knife and it was going towards my pussy. My hot, wet, and very sensitive pussy.

“Please don’t.” I whispered in the middle of our tongue dance.

“Too late.” He whispered back.

Suddenly, a feeling that coursed through my whole body almost shattered me. Two of his fingers started to rub my clit. He moved them in circles with my clit trapped in the middle. I let out a light moan and he kissed me harder to not let the whole plane hear me.

Oh shit. I am about to cum. I am about to cum on the plane from a man holding me hostage. Yeah, the thought just made it worse.

No! I refuse to cum. He can’t make me...oh. He just put them inside. They feel so deep. Going in and out both gently and rough. I could even feel his thumb gradually rub my clit. Oh God.. its coming. I am about to.....

I let out a low yell as I soaked his hand. I held in as much as possible. Stars is the only thing I could see. None of my senses worked for about 2 seconds. I cant even imagine what I looked like.

“Good girl.” His low voice whispered in my ear.

Fuck you! I yelled in my head. He slid out his fingers from inside of me and licked them dry.

Fuck me, that was hot.

Tristian

She tasted so good.

Watching her squirm and cum underneath me unlocked something deep inside of me. I needed more of her. No, I had to have more. She is now my prey that I got a taste of. She is mine. All of her. The look I had on my face must have expressed what I was feeling because her expression went from ecstasy to fear.

“S-Sorry. I just couldn’t help myself.” I said without thinking.

“I am so confused.” She began. “Is this some sick game you play?”

“No, I have only done this to you.”

“I don’t understand.”

I decided maybe its time to tell her a little bit of what was happening. After all she is now mine.

I explained everything to her from my organization to me stalking her. She seemed more amazed than terrified. That’s a good thing right.

“So, you need to do this for your family. And you have been watching me this whole time.” She asks.

“Yep.” And unfortunately, I am out of time. I could see the blood from her face drain to her body.

“Wait, we can figure something out.” She says as she frantically tries to collect herself. My expression must have given it away. I get up to escape her attempt of stopping me. She now knew that she was my weakness. And now that I repeated all that I was there for I found my resolve to continue.

She tried to get up but I shoved her back in the seat and raised the gun back at her. However, at this point she knew I could never hurt her. I started to raise my gun to start the takeover but she shoved me in the bathroom. Somehow, I felt powerless against her as she closed the door. Then to my surprise she pulled down my pants and immediately put my already hard cock in her mouth. If this was her way of stopping me, it was working.

Every time I tried to push her off of me, she held my cock with her teeth. I couldn't get her off of me. And quite frankly I didn't want to. She swirled it around her mouth like it was the best tasting lollipop she ever tasted. I could feel every part of her mouth as she violently went up and down pushing me deeper into her throat. She choked and took my cock out of her mouth as she gasped for air. I quickly grabbed her hair so she couldn't torture me any longer. I looked down to see that her pants were off and she had taken the knife and held it in her hand while she still had my cock in the other. She squeezed my balls and pushed my hand off of her hair like she trained for it. Her head looked around the cramped space as I try to think of a way to get free from her grasp. She suddenly jumped on the sink behind her and lifter her legs so all I could see was the best invitation ever. She clenched the shaft of my penis and pull me inside of her. I am officially fucked.

Tiffany

I must be insane. I just put him inside of me. God, it felt so good. I could feel his cock throbbing inside of me. Every vein coursing with blood making his cock feel like warm steel tearing up every bit of my body that stood in its way.

This is for the cause. This is to save everyone. Is what I said to myself as he started to go further inside of me. Every stroke felt like he was ripping my insides apart and rearranging them to however he wanted it to be. And the worst part is I wanted him to. One thrust was so hard my body felt a shockwave go all the way to my fingertips. I dropped the knife from the shock and he grabbed it.

Fuck.

He is going to kill us all.

He stopped fucking me and looked at his watch in disappointment. Mission accomplished. I felt a sense of triumph as my pussy is spread open and dripping wet with his cock halfway inside of me. He turned to me and I knew I was in trouble. Yet, I was deciding if I wanted to be in trouble or not. Suddenly, he began to fuck me so hard and deep that the pain seemed to ride up into my stomach. It hurt so good. I unconsciously stuck my tongue out trying to take it. He began to suck it as he went even deeper. I tried to push him off of me but he placed the knife on my belly. I instantly gave up and let him have his way with me. Who am I to stop him?

However, a familiar feeling started to form on my stomach. I look down to see the knife piercing me slowly. I looked up to see his eyes closed. Did he not know what he was doing? Oddly enough, I was about to cum again. And from his expression he was too.

He continued to stab me deeper inside of my stomach but faster and faster. I could feel the blood trickle down my stomach along with my climax. I couldn't hold it anymore. My pussy shot out the most pussy juice it ever had. Simultaneously, he let out a loud grunt as I felt his hot cum fill me up. As he pulled out, my pussy quivered at every movement. When he was fully out, I could feel his cum leak out of me and drip onto the floor. I looked at him to see what kind of face he would make after fucking me like that. What I saw was not a satisfied face but a look of concern? I looked down to where his eyes were focused only to see the knife that was once pointed at my stomach completely in my torso. Immediately, the adrenaline faded and the worst pain I ever felt took over my body. My eyesight faded and then I heard a thud.

Tiffany

A strong light pierced my eyes as they slowly opened.

“She is awake.” I heard from someone nearby.

I looked around to see myself somewhere very familiar. The hospital that I was to be stationed at.

“What? How am I here?” I asked while rubbing the tar out of my eye.

“Wait, don’t get up be careful. You were on the plane and fell on your comb that has a sharp tip. Apparently, you were doing your hair in the bathroom. Turbulence made you fall and hit your head and stab yourself.” What kind of bull crap story is that? Although my head does hurt, it is no way anyone could believe that. I mean where is Dammit I can’t remember his name. Typical me. Just had a fucking of a lifetime and I can’t even remember his name.

“Where is the guy that was with me?” I asked while holding my head.

“What guy?” the nurse replied.

“I was sitting next to someone on the plane. And he was with me.”

“Sweetie there was no one even on your row.” Well, that had to be a lie I clearly remember someone else on the same row as us. However, before I could reply I saw something out the corner of my eye that looked familiar. It was the guy’s backpack.

“Who had this?” I asked.

“No clue, it was here when my shift started.” My gut began to turn. Something was very wrong here. I looked around to find any clues. I look towards the visitor chairs to see a not on one of them.

“Hand me that please.” I asked the nurse.

“This?” She said while picking up the note?

“Yes.

“Oh, that guy left not to long ago. He didn’t say who he was here for.” I took the note and opened it.

Hey Tiff, I know you are confused, but this is for the better. I will cherish what we had for the rest of my life. You are the most beautiful person I have ever come across. I will tell my family all about you when I get them out.

P.S. I love you. And Sorry.

After reading the note, I felt something ominous and eerie in the last sentence. Like it didn’t mean what it should have surface level. Suddenly I remember what he said on the plane.

Unfortunately, any publicity is good publicity to these people. So even if this doesn’t work out. I will find something, for I am a villain in this story.

I look at the bag that was left in the chair.

“Hand me that bag quickly!” I yelled at the nurse.

“What’s wrong with you all of a sudden?” The nurse replied with an attitude.

“Just hurry and give me the damn bag!” I demanded.

I opened the bag and my suspicions were answered. Inside the bag was his stomach bomb with three seconds left on the clock.

3. 2.. 1...

Fuck....